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The Harmonic olio

London

[18--]

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THE
Harmonic Olio.

EMBRACING ALL THE
NEW SONGS,



As they come out at the different
THEATRES.

LONDON.

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. WALTON, HAMMERSMID.

And sold by R. Walker, 96, High Holborn, PERKINS,
21, St. Martin's Lane, Mrs. Fowler, 12, Old Compton
Street, COPELAND, 6, Thayer Street, MARY
ANN, 12, BATH.

White

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,

[i]

In a Series of Letters,

TO THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE CONVIVIAL HIVE.

TO JACQUES.

SIR,

WE greatly regret of having abused the exceeding gratifying FAVOURS and FRIENDLY HINTS which you have from time to time conferred upon the CONVIVIAL HIVE, by so egregiously delaying its publication; but, however, the strict attention we are now determined to pay in future, to the publishing of this work, will, we humbly hope, retrieve it to its former esteem: And we now beg leave, thus opportunely, further to refer you to our conditions of the JOCULAR GLEANER, for which we respectfully solicit your patronage; but, in short, the solicitude and warmth manifested by you from your first noticing the HIVE, assures us we shall ever find you a sincere friend and a valuable correspondent; with this idea, and with grateful acknowledgment for past favours, and a hope they will not sustain a diminution, we subscribe ourselves, with the utmost respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble

Servants.

TO J. W. PARKER.

SIR,

As a real friend to the HARMONIC MUSE, we beg leave to return you our sincere thanks for your former friendly attention in furnishing us with new matter for our publication. We expected to hear from you some time ago, as our acquaintance, Mr. W. J. B. when he was with us last, said you would wish to make some alteration in your song of the "INVITATION," in consequence of which, we have not inserted it till we hear from you; hoping your silence is only owing to our acquaintance putting off his coming to see us (for we should feel ourselves very much hurt, if we lost so good a correspondent), and with a hearty wish of hearing from you soon, we venture to take a further liberty of most humbly begging your support and your good word, with regard to the new work, and assure you that we remain,

SIR, &c.

TO T. THOMAS.

SIR,

You will call it "Long looked for come at last," when we inform you that the etching of our model for publishing the work you have often hinted to us, is now carefully made; and we have accordingly issued the conditions. And hoping that the slowness of our bringing it out has not damp't your former solicitation (which delay by no means will hurt it,

as it has given us time in getting forward some well selected pieces which it will contain), we most respectfully remind you of your promise of gaining us considerable assistance by introducing the same with your utmost recommendation among your friends, and for which, we may boldly assert, you will not gain reproach, as the endless and unparalleled variety of CONVIVIAL provision, that will be displayed through the whole of the work, will not possibly fail of giving the highest satisfaction and diversion to its possessors. Kindly hoping that you still feel interested in the above concern, and with full assurance of your constant correspondence in future, and having entire confidence that you will exert yourself to select such pieces of your own composition, and such others as your judgement may dictate, We beg to remain, SIR, &c.

TO J. T. EVANS.

SIR,

ONE of the songs you requested will be found in the present number, and the other shall be inserted as soon as possible. We embrace this opportunity with joy to acknowledge that the concern and good opinion you have expressed in your several communications, relating to the CONVIVIAL HIVE, is entitled to our warmest thanks; and we truly hope your wish, that the work may continue to be honoured by more Songs from JACQUES and J. W. PARKER, will be happily realized. We most humbly hope, as a further solicitation of your gratuity, that you will countenance our new undertaking, by introducing it with your usual candour, in point of qualities, as much as you possibly can among your friends, which will fix us, with the greatest thankfulness, SIR, &c.

TO VERONICUS.

SIR,

YOU observe that you are extremely sorry in being forced to censure us on three very essential points: viz. 1st, that our work is raised too high in price. 2nd, the irregularity of publication. 3rd, the execution of the plates. This last we candidly allow lay, open in SOME RESPECTS, to censure; for the second, we are truly sorry we have no plea to offer in extenuation of the inattention; but in your first we consider you guilty of extreme injustice, when you call the price of the HIVE exorbitant and beyond all reason; for we are confident you can find no work of its nature to vie with it either in beauty, quality, or cheapness: there are several publications that are reckoned very cheap at half the price of our's; but if you compare the HIVE with them, you will find it contain in general MORE THAN DOUBLE THE QUANTITY which is given in the others. Again, when the Hive is completed, will it not totally eclipse the rest? for surely you must allow that the form of the volume has the superiority. Hoping that you will be convinced of this truth, and humbly petitioning you not to desert us, but prove a friend in supporting our works, by kindly recommending them among your friends, We remain, SIR, &c.



Turnbull Sc.

*The Sun more than ever adoring,
Her eye glancing round,
The Chain She unbound
To liberty the Captive restoring.*

The Maid of the Mountain.

THE maid of the mountain high bounding,
No voice through the valley was sounding,
 When the moon beam light
 Shone awfully bright,
On warriors, a captive surrounding ;
 Though to the rock chain'd,
 Still ne'er he complain'd,
Nor death nor base foemen he fear'd,
 Yet while his guard slept,
 The poor captive wept,
And the maid of the mountain appear'd.
The sun more than ever adoring,
The fate of the stranger deploring ;
 Her eye glancing round,
 His chain she unbound,
To freedom the captive restoring :
 The warriors slept on,
 Their victim was gone ;
Then gratitude lasting he swore :
 And cried, from his heart,
 No more will I part
From the maid of the mountain, no more.

All Truth and no Lies.

Tune,—“ GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O.”
BARNEY Bodkins broke his nose,
 Want of money makes us sad,
Without feet we can't have toes,
 Crazy folks are always mad.

A farthing rushlight's very small,
Doctors wear large bushy wigs,
One that's dumb can never bawl,
Pickled pork is made of pigs.
Right tol de riddle del,
A yard of pudding's not an ell;
Not forgetting didderum hi,
A tailor's goose can never fly.

Patriots say they'll mind the Nation,
Pigeons will make pretty pies,
Lawyers deal in botheration,
A gun's too big for shooting flies,
Irish Whiskey's very good.
Lundy fool will make you sneeze,
A barber's block is made of wood,
Pepper's good with butter'd peas.
Right fol de riddle del. &c.

Times will grow better never fear,
Old maids in scandal take delight,
Candles now are very dear,
Roguery will come to light,
Chicken-gloves 'ant made for pigs,
Very seldom asses die,
Plum-pudding should be stuff'd with figs,
The Monument is very high.
Right fol de riddle del, &c.

Puppet-shows young folks amuse,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Wooden legs wear out no shoes,
Five pence is a quart of beer.

We all shall live until we die,
 Barney leave the girls alone,
 Catsup's not good with apple pie,
 Churchwardens' hearts are made of stone.
 Right fol de riddle del, &c.

Garters keep the stockings up,
 All bakers are not honest men,
 When a dog's young he's called a pup,
 The cock is tougher than the hen.
 Frenchmen can run very well,
 Turtle soup is very nice,
 Boney a fat lie can tell,
 Toasted cheese is bait for mice.
 Right fol de riddle del, &c.

Tailors cabbage all your cloth,
 Shins of beef are very tough,
 Flummery is just like froth,
 Mrs. Clark is up to snuff,
 Jolly tars are fond of fun,
 "God save the King," we'll nobly shout ;
 And now, good folks, my song is done,
 And nobody knows what 'twas about !
 Right fol de riddle del, &c.

Sadi.

SADI once a slave, poor man,
 Old Abdalla was my master ;
 Who tho' me workee fast me can,
 Whippee to makee workee faster ;

Preachee, preachee, call me doggee,
And when done preachee den him
flogge,

(SPOKEN.) Massa whippee till cry out, and
den him whippee to hold tongue; me run
away, massa catchee, and whippee again, so
poor Sadi make bad of de best bargain; for
tho' massa use de cat, him no lock up de cup-
board; so me tank'ee it no worse.

And

Ting, ting, taro,
Sadi sing and him no care, O!

Muley Moloch buy me next,
Miser he, own father cheatee;
But no cross, when Lilly vext,
Lilly scold, but never beatee.

Sadi jumpee him to sarvee,
But workee, workee, starvee,
starvee.

(SPOKEN.) O, iss; massa very abstimerous
and makee Sadi so too, till he grow so thin
him lock like a crow quill; but never mind,
he no whippee, he lock up cat in de cupboard
but cat him no see nothing there; yet

Ting, ting, taro,
Sadi sing and him no care, O!

Christian Duke buy Sadi then,
And with slav'ry's chain him partee.
And when leave de mussulmen,
It warm de cockles of him heartee;

Now Sadi free, him skip like froggee,
No workee, starvee, whippee, floggee.

(SPOKEN.) No, no, Sadi him free now and
take liberty; him leave slavery and superstition
for religion and freedom; and tho' at
same time me no change colour, me no
blushee; and if any find fault with the copy of
my countenance, me say "colour no conscience.
and black sheep him no worse muton," then

Ting, ting, taro,
Sadi sing and him no care, O!

Lady Fair.

THE Moon display'd (when green leaves fall)
A ruin'd tower and castle wall,

And a Minstrel loiter'd there;
While a Maiden fair, her hands who wrung,
Sigh'd under that wall while the Minstrel sung

"Ah! never, never sigh,
Tho' green leaves die,
Summer will come again, Lady fair."

She told him her true love she'd lost,
For he the stormy seas had cross'd;
When that Minstrel, bent and bare,
Disguise threw off, was gay and young;
'Twas her own true love returned, who sung,
"Ah! never, &c."

Storming of Badajoz.

First Sung at Astley's Theatre May 4th, 1812.

CHORUS,

By a body of Sappers and Miners, with stage, entrenching tools, &c.

We sappers and miners at night take our birth,
From all eyes secure in the bowels of the earth,
Then away to break ground, to our order still
true,

British valour shall quickly the foe, boys,
subdue.

GENERAL CHORUS,

By a division of the Army, with stage cannon,
mortars, &c.

THEN our bombs shall triangle

Like stars in the sky ;

Like showers of hail stones

Cannon balls they shall fly,

CHORUS, (waving their hats) Huzza ! huzza !
huzza !

We'll breach their Crown battery,

Knock down their strong walls ;

He that enters the town first

Shall be landlord of all.

Huzza, &c.

GENERAL CHORUS,

By Grenadiers, Battalion-men, Sharp-shooters, &c.
attended by a body of Waggon-drivers, with stage,
scaling ladders, &c.

Field-Marshal Lord Wellington, as brave as
can be,

Shall find we will fight full as valient as he;
Tho' Philipon bravely defends still the
town,

British courage opposition will quickly
bear down.

Scaling ladders prepar'd to the assault, boys
advance,

United we'll soon strike the flag of proud
France.

Scaling ladders, &c.

Death or victory, resounds thro' the ranks,
my brave boys,

The time of attack forms the soldiers'
best joys;

While the watch word is given by our no-
ble Commander,

Put all to the sword, boys that will not
surrender.

Huzza, boys, huzza, to the assault let's ad-
vance,

England's standard shall fly o'er the flag of
proud France,

Huzza, boys, &c.

The Echo Duet.

NOW hope and fear my bosom rending,
Alternate bid each other cease,
Soon shall death my terrors ending,
Calm each transient thought to peace.
Hark ! a murmuring sound repeating,
Ev'ry stifled sigh I hear !
What can set this bosom beating,
Alas ! 'tis mingled hope and fear !
Now they cease ! this way retiring,
And all is awful silence round !
Ah ! sure those notes dear maid, were thine,
The echoing sounds alone were mine,
'Tis her voice that meets my ear,
Say, where art thou, whose voice I hear ?
Oh ! quickly speak, no longer roam,
To give thee liberty I come.

Soft, love, 'tis I ; relief is near,
Where art thou now ? I'm here.
This way advance and you are free.
This way to light and liberty.

Billy Roy.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH BALLAD.

DEAR lassie tell me, have ye seen,
A blithe and merry lad,
In yonder vale, or on the green,
His dress is of the plaid ;

What shall I do, ah ! wae is me,
 I've lost my canty boy,
 Put on ye're hat, cheild, gang and see
 For bonny Billy Roy.
 His cheeks are red as roses gay,
 His hair's a lovely brown,
 The laddie stole my heart away,
 When he came to our town.
 What shall I do, &c.

Oh ! look, he's coming from the fair,
 To meet him let's a' flee,
 My mind's nae longer in despair,
 Oh ! we'll have muckle glee.
 Come, let the cheerful bagpipes play,
 My heart's o'ercome with joy,
 Strike up, ye loon, make nae delay,
 For here comes Billy Roy.

Paddy Carey's Fortune.

A FAVOURITE COMIC SONG.

'T WAS at the town of nate Clogheen
 That Serjeant Snap met Paddy Carey ;
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy :
 His brawny shoulders four feet square,
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes ;
 His legs would make a chairman stare ;
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies.
 Old and young—grave and sad—deaf and
 dumb—dull or mad—

Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk, and airy;
 All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
 The sows would cry, and look so shy,
 "Ogh! cushlamacree, did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling joy,
 The darling joy, the ladies' toy?
 Nimble footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheek'd,
 curly-headed, Paddy Carey!
 O, sweet Paddy!
 Beautiful Paddy!
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey!"

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;
 His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
 But Serjeant Snap, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
 A shilling slipt so neat and clean,
 By th' Powers! he listed Paddy Carey.
 Tight and sound—strong and light—cheeks
 so round—eyes so bright---
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drum-
 ming,
 Light, tight, and airy!
 All the sweet faces, &c.

The sows wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came widow Leary:

Though she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey.
 "Och! Pat," she cried, "go buy the ring,
 Here's cash galliore, my darling honey!"
 Says Pat, "Your sowl, I'll do that thing,"
 And clapp'd his thumb upon her money!
 Gimlet-eye---sausage nose---Pat, so sly, ogle
 throws,

Leering, titt'ring, jeering, fritt'ring,
 Sweet Widow Leary.

All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary:
 And, mounting straight a large cockade,
 In Captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary!
 Her eyes that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey!
 Neat and sweet---no alloy---all complete---love
 and joy---

Ranting, roaring, soft-adoring,
 Dear widow Leary!

All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt!
 The sowls all cry, as the groom struts by,
 "Och! Cushlamacree, thou are lost to me!"
 The jolly boy, the darling boy,
 The ladies toy, the widow's joy!

Long sword girted, neat short skirted, head
 cropt, whisker chopp'd, Captain Carey !
 O sweet Paddy !
 Beautiful Paddy !
 White feather'd, boot-leather'd Paddy Carey !

My Bottle and Friend.

WITH my friend and my glass, let my time
 pass away ;
 Since it answers no end to be dull, I'll be gay ;
 I care not how others their life-time may
 spend,
 O I have my Chloe, my bottle, and friend.
 Let the miser with rapture his guineas behold,
 He may value, yet ne'er know the virtue of
 gold ;
 With me it's but dross, which with pleasure
 I spend,
 To serve but my neighbour, my mistress or
 friend.
 Let the pedantic preacher advise what he will,
 Of wrong or of right--or of good and of ill ;
 I never can think that my time ill I spend,
 If I strive to relieve either neighbour or
 friend.
 Then come, my companions ! let's push round
 the glass,
 Tis ' To Friendship and Love ! ' so brisk let it
 pass,
 And care not how others their life-time may
 spend,
 So we can enjoy our bottle and friend.

Prospectus of a New Work

THE JOCULAR GLEANER

BY
WYLLACKEE,
BANG UP COMPANION

Being a choice variety of

ANECDOTES, JOKES, AND WHIMSIES,

judiciously selected in their rise

FROM THE STREET

OF THE

FRIVOLIOUS WORLD.

AND

The intention of this Work is to present
the lovers of Laughs with such material as
are completely new, and so arranged
they may be delivered without the suspi-
cion of their being known. Such as
alien, we have selected, and the
lights to reveal a mass of matter
which when in company with the
frivolous and amusing, and
will not only be most acceptable
and amusing.

THE END

The first volume of this work is now
being published, and is
available in the
following form, and
at the following price.